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# LADIES' VISITER.

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"VIRTUE OUR PRESENT PEACE....OUR FUTURE PRIZE."

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FOR THE VISITER.

## Grasmere---A Tale.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131.)

Satisfaction dwelt upon every face, except those of the domestics of the old Baronet that were to be left behind. So much was he endeared to them, that the idea of a temporary absence cast a gloom over their countenances, as he had not been separated from them any length of time for upwards of twenty years.

Thornton set out before them to prepare for their reception. On the evening of the third day, Sir Philip and Danville arrived at Grasmere: the old gentleman's health and cheerfulness was evidently improved, arising from the reflection that his journey was to be witness to the happiness of his beloved nephew. He was charmed with the situation of the house and grounds, and the majestic and towering grandeur of the surrounding scenery, and declared that till now he did not think it possible for any situation to exceed his own. Early on the following morning they received a visit from Mr. Eamontdale and the old Vicar, who came to welcome the return of their young friends. Danville introduced them to his uncle, and the impression made on the mind's of the whole were highly gratifying. In the course of conversation, Sir Philip and Mr. Williams recognized each other as old fellow students at College, which heightened their mutual satisfaction; so much is early impressions calculated to impart the most pleasing sensations, even at

the most distant period of our lives ; we dwell upon every scene with encreasing delight, and the soul is warmed with such a glow of feeling as nothing is able to eradicate. It was soon settled that the two families should dine at the Lodge.—Danville and Thornton were despatched to escort the ladies : they proceeded with all the expedition that might be expected, from their impatience to behold the dearest objects of their choice. As Danville drew near, his heart beat with the warmest transports, to again behold and press his Adelia to his enraptured bosom. On reaching the house, in an instant he held all he loved to his transported heart. For some moments they were lost in silent exstasy, which infinitely repaid them for their separation. When Danville recovered, he uttered a thousand tender enquiries, expressive of the most anxious solicitude for the happiness of Adelia. They were mutually blessed—and enjoyed what it was neither in the power of the world to give nor deprive them of— a happiness independent of surrounding objects, derived purely from themselves, and heightened by an absence which had increased their mutual affection, with the reflection that they were no more to be separated.—Thornton was received at the vicarage with a smile of tenderness from his dearest Sophy that fully repaid him for all his care and anxiety respecting her during his absence. He announced to her and Mrs. Williams the arrangement that had been made : they joyfully accompanied him, and called upon Danville and Adelia.—They proceeded to the Lodge, and were introduced to Sir Philip who received them more like old friends than strangers.

When the old Baronet took the hand of Miss Eamontdale, he smiled upon her with paternal affection, and said—“ my nephew was enthusiastic in your praise, but I find that even the warm imagination of a lover was inadequate to do you justice.” He then embraced her tenderly, and gave her his blessing. This was truly gratifying to the lovely Adelia : to be loved, and have the approving smile and blessing of the respected uncle of her Danville was happiness indeed ; and filled her soul with the purest joy. After this scene was over, Sir Philip requested the company of Mr. Eamontdale and Mr. Williams in an adjoining room, when, after they were seated, he addressed Mr. Eamontdale, stating that his nephew had disclosed to him the situation of his affections, in consequence of which he had come to see the young lady himself, which he hoped he would pardon, and attribute his care to the great anxiety he felt in every circumstance connected with the happiness of his nephew ; “ and” continued he, “ I have found her all that my most sanguine wishes could have anticipated ; I therefore earnestly entreat that you will have the arrangement completed, and the lovers made happy. As to fortune, Danville is already in possession of affluence, and I intend to bequeath him all I have, the bulk of



which he shall be put in possession of immediately." Mr. Eamontdale thanked him for the handsome manner in which he had spoken of his child, and cordially assented to the Baronet's wishes, stating that he knew by so doing, he would secure her happiness, by uniting her to a man possessed of every worth under heaven. Mr. Williams congratulated them upon this happy agreement; when Sir Philip said, "friend Williams, it will be necessary, to make the happiness of the parties complete, that you should make a small sacrifice." The old vicar expressed his willingness to contribute any thing in his power, to promote so desirable an object. "Then," replied Sir Philip, "you must give your daughter Sophy to my young friend Thornton, at the same time that Mr. Eamontdale presents his daughter to my nephew: the young man is possessed of a good fortune, of a good family, and every virtue and acquirement necessary to her happiness; and in addition to this, he loves her most tenderly." The good parson replied, he was a perfect stranger to Thornton's affection for his child, but if it was as he had stated, and the feeling was mutual, they should freely have his blessing. "Let them answer for themselves," said Sir Philip.

They now joined the party in the Drawing room, when the old Baronet, willing to complete the happiness he had begun, announced to them the arrangement he had been planning in conjunction with his two friends; "and (said he) it now only wants your joint assent to make me the happiest man in the kingdom." The two young friends looked with anxiety at their respective mistresses, when the vicar addressed Thornton, saying, what Sir Philip had stated he was perfectly ignorant of, and wished him to declare if this was the true state of the case. Thornton replied—"I love and esteem your amiable daughter more than I can possibly express, and if I am so happy as to have your approval of my passion, I shall esteem myself most truly happy." "Well, my child, (said Mr. Williams) tell me freely; will you confirm his happiness?" The blushing maid in tenderest accents replied, "if you and my dear mother approve it, I will not thwart your wishes." The happy lover took her hand, and imprinted his grateful thanks upon it, while her good father blessed them. Mr. Eamontdale then took the hand of his daughter, and placing it within that of Danville, said—"You, my children, have been long united in affection—may heaven smile upon your union, and shower its choicest blessings upon you through life." The congratulations now became general, and the following Thursday was the day fixed upon for their union.

During the interval, all was bustle preparing for the celebration of this happy event. As soon as it was known through the valley, joy sparkled in every eye; all were making arrangements for a participation in the general happiness. At length

the auspicious day arrived that was to join the lovers to each other. The parties met at the house of Mr. Eamontdale ; and the two brides made their appearance arrayed in purest simplicity. They were received by Danville, Thornton, and Sir Philip, who was to give them away at the altar. They then proceeded in two carriages to the church, at the gate of which, all the inhabitants of the valley were assembled. The young damsels were arrayed in white, decorated with garlands, and on their arms they bore baskets of flowers, which they strewed in the path before them. The venerable Mr. Williams met them at the church door, habited in his Canonicals, and proceeded before them to the altar, where their happiness was completed. As soon as the ceremony was over, the happy old Baronet saluted the brides with great gallantry, and wished them as much happiness through life as he felt at that moment. As they returned down the avenue, the young men were arrayed on one side, and the maidens on the other, and saluted them with an harmonious vocal concert, suitable to the occasion, in which they were joined by the older inhabitants. Every countenance bespoke the most heartfelt joy, unmixed with any drawback upon their felicity. The whole party, at the invitation of Sir Philip, followed the carriages to Mr Eamontdale's.

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[FOR THE VISITER.]

### The reformed Rake.....A Tale.

The person whose short but melancholy history we are going to relate, shall, for the present, be distinguished by the name of ELIZA. She was the daughter of a wealthy merchant, at whose decease, which happened about the time she came of age, Eliza inherited an ample estate, the accumulated wealth of many years honest industry, none of which had been expended, except for the purpose of her education. Her improvement in every thing that can adorn the sex, was equal to the most sanguine hopes of a doating parent. With the accomplishments of her mind were blended a sweetness of temper, and a mildness of disposition ; an unassuming modesty in her conduct and behavior, which never failed to make a lasting impression upon the mind of the beholder : unlike the brazen-faced beauties who rant and simper, and toss the head, and are vain enough to think that to be seen is sufficient to make them be admired. Eliza captivated the heart without intending to do so ; and as she had a fortune at her disposal, offers of marriage were made by a number of suitors, among whom were young men of first respectability and standing in society. But Eliza's choice fell upon Mr. DASH.—No doubt, the reader will be surprised that one so eminently distinguished as we have described Eliza to be, should overlook the most



estimable and unexceptionable offers, and give her hand to him who was least of all qualified to make her happy as a husband and companion. But they will cease from their surprise, when they consider that such things so far from being uncommon, happen almost every day, and are not to be accounted for in any other way than as proceeding from the frailty of human nature.

Mr. Dash was distinguished in his earliest years as possessing an unusual degree of pride—an ambition to appear superior to his youthful companions in the article of dress, and all kind of foppery was a prominent feature in his character.—As he approached the years of manhood, when reason begins her reign in the empire of the mind, and young men of correct principles become serious and steady, he, on the contrary, became more dissolute : a desire of gaming, instead of diminishing, grew with his years, into a settled and confirmed habit. The vice of intoxication seldom, if ever, inseparable from that of gaming, failed not on this occasion to lend a helping hand in his rapid progress to that state of debauchery which seems to constitute the perfection of such characters. So well he acted his part, that at the age of eighteen he was distinguished by the familiar title of “a rake,” or as others would have it, “a bit of blood.” At the age of twenty-one he came into the possession of a large estate : He now gave full scope to the bent of his inclination, and his prodigality knew no bounds ; and being what is called *flush*, there were not wanting poorer votaries of vice, who never fail to be in attendance upon those who can afford means of gratifying their vicious propensities. In the short space of four years, his estate was swallowed up in the sink of dissipation, while his nightly devotions at the shrine of Bacchus, made such rapid inroads upon his constitution, as to give him, at the age of five and twenty, the appearance of a battered beau of forty-five. He now made a virtue of necessity and suddenly became a *reformed rake*.

For the purpose of replenishing his exhausted purse, a scheme of matrimony with the rich and beautiful Eliza, was adopted without hesitation. A little rouge served to hide the squallid appearance of his countenance ; and as Dandyism had then just commenced, his skeleton-like person was considered as highly fashionable ; and having become a most exemplary character, and none but the knowing ones suspecting that his fortune was wholly expended, he found it no very difficult matter to intrude his visit upon unsuspecting innocence. All objections to his former mode of life were combated with the argument that “reformed rakes make the best husbands,” and that if one so young and rich as Mr. Dash, could not indulge in occasional sallies of fashionable life, it was hard to tell

who could. The nuptials were, therefore, solemnized under the most favourable auspices of future happiness. But as the change in Mr. Dash's conduct had taken place, more from necessity than inclination, the intelligent reader no doubt will anticipate that his reformation was but partial; and a return to his former habits would take place with a return of the means for indulging in the the most boundless licentiousness; and this proved to be the case: the unfortunate Eliza soon found that her fortune and not herself had been the object of his pursuit.

His former companions gather round him in crowds, congratulating him upon his fortunate marriage, and hoped that he was not going to continue that deacon-like face—bid him be cheerful and become one of them. It was useless to repeat an invitation that accorded so well with the inclinations of one who had only assumed the appearance of a moral life for sinister purposes. Mr. Dash's immediate return, therefore, to the scenes of gaming, drunkenness, and debauchery of every kind, was hailed by his companions as the surest pledge he could give that wealth was again at their disposal. In the space of five years from the time of his marriage, the fortune of Eliza was reduced to almost nothing; the remnant of her estate was sold by the sheriff for the most trifling sum—scarcely sufficient to defray the fees of office.

The last time I saw Mr. Dash, the thread-bare coat he wore was insufficient to guard him against the Winter's blast; his enfeebled limbs could scarcely sustain his emaciated frame: his palsied hand was unable to convey the intoxicating draught to his quivering lips; his distorted features and bewildered senses, loudly proclaimed that this victim to vice was fast sinking into a premature and untimely grave. As for Eliza, when we consider that by her education, she had been taught to found her ideas of domestic bliss upon the affections of the heart,—that she whose mind was chaste and virtuous, was compelled to witness scenes of riot and midnight debauchery, so repugnant to her feelings, we must conclude that her situation was really miserable; but when we reflect that the fortune she was once the mistress of, which would have rendered her and her children independent, was squandered away by a worthless husband, and the only prospect before her, poverty and dependance—it is evident that her state was truly deplorable: yet she was seldom heard to complain, and bore her sorrows with a degree of fortitude, which could only result from the rectitude of her own conduct, and a mind in some measure fortified by an excellent education, against the evils of life. She is now engaged in the support of her children by her own industry. Their education is a task she most religiously performs. May those of my fair readers, whose matrimonial prize still con-



tinues afloat within the wheel of fate, be careful how far they trust to the specious appearance of a *reformed rake*.

### A FRIEND TO VIRTUE.

#### FOR THE VISITER.

"Familiar Histories may perhaps be made of greater use than the solemnities of professed morality, and convey the knowledge of Vice and Virtue, with more efficacy than axioms and definitions." JOHNSON.

*Continued from Page 124.*

"To emulate wisdom," said Madame Constance to her three young friends, one evening after they had returned from a conversation party in the neighborhood, "it is necessary to separate from morals and behaviour, all that is harsh, repulsive and unsocial, and adapt the kind and complacent." She was led to make this observation, by the remarks of Amelia, who, in describing some of the persons of the party, took notice of the satirical censures with which Mr. R. treated every subject and person that occurred in conversation. "Persons who have but little commerce with the world," continued Madame Constance, "which I presume has been the case with Mr. R., who are not accustomed to a liberal communication of their own sentiments, are apt to be distrustful and suspicious, and place but little confidence in others, and treat them, when occurring in conversation, without benignity or candour. Of no avail are the censures on the manners of society, if they are illiberal ; for whatever enormities may exist in society, they should be viewed with calmness, and reprobated with a proper degree of mildness : and to no purpose are the feelings, the peculiarities or the foibles of individuals exposed, if it is done at the expense of their feelings. Satire and ridicule are dangerous weapons, which very few know how to handle, and the anger and resentment of those upon whom they are used, are always incurred."

"But you would not have us to suppose, my dear Madame," replied Amelia, "that all kinds of ridicule or wit, such as railery, &c. are alike unbecoming. Now, there was Miss G. at the party : how agreeably did her smart repartees, her keen railleries, make her appear ; how smartly she took off the gentlemen who conversed with her, and how sprightly did she set forth every subject and person in the most laughable manner : I think her manners and address would be a perfect model to imitate."

"Any kind of wit (returned madame Constance) can be tolerated, when the persons at whose expense it is made, will feel themselves agreeable partakers. But you may always discover that those who traduce, as was the case with Mr. R. and those that love to rally like Miss G., have a secret malignity at heart. And here, my dear Amelia, I would caution you in giving confidence to what may appear at first, without proper reflection, commendable, or afford admiration—and in imitating a behavi

our which your own lively disposition might naturally find congenial. You will not, I hope, think me severe, when I remark that the charms of Miss G's conversation are heightened by her wit, from which you will imperceptibly be deluded into a concurrence with her opinions, and not suspect dissimulation under the air of frankness, nor the design of doing mischief under a seemingly accidental sally of wit. You can recollect that every subject and person were alike affected by the blasts of her sprightly railery, and in the mean time, she communicated to all around her, an involuntary dislike to whatever object or person at whose merit she pointed her satire."

"Perhaps it is from the want of that quality, good nature, (said Elizabeth) that many others, as well as Miss G., are dreaded in place of being beloved, and give all their exterior behavior an air of petulance and ill-humour." "Your suggestion, Elizabeth, (observed Madame Constance) is correct: Good nature is the golden chain by which society is bound together. It adorns every perfection, and throws a veil over every blemish of our nature, and it is the true source and foundation of real politeness. But why, my dear, (continued her Ladyship, addressing herself to Catharine, who had hitherto sat silent and reserved) why do you appear so dejected and gloomy?" "She was so during the whole day, at the party," exclaimed Elizabeth, "and indeed we must insist madame, that she disclose to us the cause. I was surprised, my beloved Catharine, at the cold and austere manner with which you treated the civilities and attentions that were tendered you, notwithstanding all our efforts to induce you to put on your accustomed gaiety and good humour. We all know that your natural disposition precludes the supposition that pride or haughtiness could have effected it."

"Indeed, my dear friends, (replied Catharine) I am almost ashamed to inform you of the apparently trifling cause which affected my behaviour and disposition. The dress I was to have worn to the party was not ready; and the one I had on I thought not as handsome as those of the other ladies: Indeed I imagined that some of the company made it the subject of their remarks and merriment. Now, all along I could not overcome chagrin, and it yet affects my feelings. You know, madame Constance, that circumstances may discompose a person's humour, and adhere to the feelings notwithstanding all endeavours to the contrary." "Your good sense, (answered Madame Constance) I should have expected, would have prevented any trifling incidents to have changed the cheerfulness and natural gentleness of your disposition; and especially, to have darkened the benignity of your features by the clouds of discontent. If it is impossible to compel circumstances to conform to our pleasure or convenience, we will often find it necessary to conform ourselves to circumstances; and we will enjoy ourselves



the more, if it is done with the best grace we can put on. Many there are in the world, my dear Catharine, who, from the impressions of slight causes at first, permit their dispositions to settle down into a state of gloomy dejection, without a struggle to overcome it, until habit has fettered it so tenaciously on their minds, as often to render its removal impossible : Indeed, persons of too susceptible feelings, bring on habitual chagrin and uneasiness, and imagine every injury, however trivial, irksome and insupportable."

EUGENIUS.

[To be continued.]

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## SELECTED ARTICLES.

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### Biography.....Lady Rachel Russel.

Lady RACHEL RUSSEL, daughter of the earl of Southampton, was born about the year 1636. She appears to have possessed a truly noble mind, a solid understanding, an amiable and a benevolent temper. Her pious resignation, and religious deportment, under the pressure of very deep distress, afforded a highly instructive example, and an eminent instance of the Power of Religion to sustain the mind in the greatest storms and dangers, when the waves of affliction threaten to overwhelm it.

It is well known, that the husband of this lady, William, lord Russel, was beheaded in the reign of Charles the second; that he was a man of great merit ; and that he sustained the execution of his severe sentence, with Christian and invincible fortitude. During the period of her illustrious husband's troubles, she conducted herself with a mixture of the most tender affection, and the most surprising magnanimity. She appeared in court at his trial ; and when the attorney-general told him, " He might employ the hand of one of his servants in waiting, to take notes of the evidence for his use," lord Russel answered, that " he asked none, but that of the lady who sat by him." The spectators, at these words, turned their eyes, and beheld the daughter of the virtuous Southampton rising up to assist her lord in this his utmost distress : a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. After his condemnation, she threw herself at the King's feet ; and pleaded, but alas ! in vain, the merits and loyalty of a father, in order to save her husband.

When the time of separation came, her conduct appears to be worthy of the highest admiration ; for, without a sigh or tear, she took her last farewell of her husband, though it might have been expected, as they were so happy in each other, and no wife could possibly surpass her in affection, that the torrent of her distress would have overflowed its banks, and been too mighty for restraint. Lord Russel parted from his lady with a composed silence ; and observing how greatly she was supported, said, after she was gone ; " The bitterness of death is now past : " for

he loved and esteemed her beyond expression. He declared, that "she had been a great blessing to him ; and observed, that he should have been miserable, if she had not possessed so great magnanimity of spirit joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing to save his life." He said, "There was a signal providence of God, in giving him such a wife, in whom were united noble birth and fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to himself ; but that her behaviour in his extremity, exceeded all."

After the death of her lord upon the scaffold, this excellent woman, encompassed with the darkest clouds of affliction, seemed to be absorbed in a religious concern, to behave properly under the afflicting hand of God ; and to fulfil the duties now devolved upon herself alone, in the care, education, disposal, and happiness of her children ; those living remains of her lord, which had been so dear to him, and which were, for his sake as well as their own, so dear to herself.

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### Duelling.....*A Fragment.*

—————A stream of light issued from the window : several person were seen passing within, and the moanings of sorrow could not be mistaken. I approached nearer. On a bed lay a female apparently in the agonies of death, and on the right side kneeled a little girl of about 11 years of age, whose grief was loud. On the other side stood a boy of about 15—He was engaged in prayer ; and the emotions of grief, despair and hope were alternately and strikingly exemplified. An old woman, who from her appearance had seen many moons, was preparing some medicine at a table, while a male child, just able to talk, stood prattling near the pillow. I will go to bed with mama, said the child. Your mama my dear, is very ill, sobbed the son—The child would not be restrained. O ! mama, why dont you speak ? it is your little Frank. How I will scold the Doctor man, he has made my mama sick—Let me kiss my mama ; when she was well she used to smile and call me her good little boy—now she looks so sad and so white—she dont smile now added he mournfully. At this simple but heart touching effusion, those present burst into tears. It was not the obstreperous gust of thoughtless despair which evaporates in sound, but that tender indefinable sensation produced by a sudden impulse of the heart too great for silence, and is refined by tears. It seemed to re-light the vital taper which burned tremulously in the expiring parent ; she opened her eyes—My children, said she—an awful silence prevailed—my child your mother leaves you in a few moments ; all before me is dark, nor can I presume to fore-tel my future destiny. The hope I have in the First Cause gladdens my dying moments ; to Him alone I consign whatever part of me may survive this wreck of matter : He may do with *that*



part whatever he designed when he formed it ; nor can the supplications of a worm alter the Eternal will ! I could therefore depart without a sigh, without a tear ; but ye helpless, friendless orphans, where will ye find another parent ? In the great wilderness of the world you will be lost, or savage men may devour you. This good old woman who has shared my better days, will not desert my children when I am no more. She ceased. The silver cord was about to snap—The invisible fire was nearly extinct, and nature's finest production was about to become a mass of inert matter !! The youngest boy, who with a brimful eye, had been attentively contemplating the palid visage of his expiring parent, exclaimed, mama give your little Francis one more kiss—'twas too late she cast a look of maternal tenderness on the child, sank on her pillow and expired.

This fine woman, beautiful even when encircled in the chilly arms of the omnivorous tyrant, married early in life the man she loved. They were not wealthy ; but they had enough. In a state of uncommon serenity they passed several years, till fate snatched away the husband, who was slain in a Duel. This melancholy event hastened her dissolution, and she died of a broken heart!!! Thou fiend in humane shape, thou advocate for duelling, approach you silent bed ; gaze on that lovely form, whom indirectly thy blood-stained arm has lain low. See the fair flower thy pestiferous breath has blasted ; mark the weeping orphans whom thou hast abandoned to the "mercy of a rude stream ;" then ask thy heart if this is charity.

Where yon willow hangs its mournful head, and courts the melancholy tomb stone, lies the victim of thy deadly passions.

The father of a family, their only stay upon earth, is cut off. Thou hast sapped the trunk and the withered branches bestrew the plain. What compensation canst thou make for the evils thou hast committed.

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### History.

Babylon is situated in Asiatic Turkey. It was once famous for its strength and magnificence, both of which surpassed description. Its walls were eighty-seven feet thick, three hundred and fifty high, and fifteen miles square. The gates were brass : her towers and temples rose like mountains, and astonished the beholder. Such a city, one would suppose, could not be in danger of falling into desolation ; yet is the prophecy of Jeremiah fulfilled, that "because of the wrath of the Lord, it shall not be inhabited, but shall become wholly desolate." Isaiah also prophesied that Babylon should be destroyed, and never be inhabited again, but "the wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and doleful creatures fill the houses." That these things have come to pass, several travellers assert ; which plainly proves that the words of the Bible are from Heaven. A travel-

ler of the twelfth century says, Babylon is now laid waste, and men fear to enter there, on account of the serpents and scorpions. Another, who visited it in 1574, mentions various ruins, and says they are so full of venomous creatures that no one dares approach nearer than half a league, except for two months in winter, when these animals are torpid. Several other travellers confirm its ruinous state. But the most recent accounts of it are, that even the ruins are so much effaced that scarcely a vestige of them remains, to point out where Babylon was situated—with such astonishing exactness has God verified his threatenings “to sweep Babylon with the besom of destruction.”

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### Ancient City discovered.

In the year 1772 excavations were made, by order of the French government, in the small hill of Chatelet, on the site of a Roman town destroyed in the war of Attila, but preserved in part by being covered with earth. Many of the curious articles are preserved in Paris in the House of Abbe Tersan, a veteran of fourscore, who is occupied in getting engravings from them for general circulation. An official report by M. Grignian, presents some interesting details respecting this excavation. The remains of about 90 houses, 8 small crypts or subterranean chapels, with a number of cellars, cisterns, and wells were discovered. The streets, which were regularly paved, and quite straight, were only from 15 to 20 feet in width: the pavement, where the stones were uneven, was cemented with river pebbles or gravel. The houses were oblong, and were founded on a bed of stones bound together with lime. Only the better house had crypts, which were all nearly of one form, some only 7 feet by 8, others 9 by 15; the descent to them was by stone stairs, and the light was admitted by two openings. The cisterns were in diameter from 6 to 8 feet; in depth 15 to 18.—Some circular openings resembling wells, but probably drains (as there are no springs in the hill) were found; fragments of beautiful pottery were found in them, thrown in, as is supposed, by the slaves, to conceal their awkwardness from their masters. Water pipes made of wood, some of them bound with iron, were found; also medals, fragments of statues, goblets, spoons of various shapes—some oval, others circular; lamps, rings, pins, amulets, weighing scales, surgical instruments, locks and keys. The keys were some of copper, some iron, the smaller on rings, and many of them like those now in use. Wheels, nails, dishes, knives, and scissors, were likewise found; also many pieces of iron which had escaped decay by being covered with hard lime; likewise pieces of bone, and *styli* for writing on wax tables, of from 3 to four inches in length. Many fragments



of glass were collected, and of a quality which showed that the manufacture was by no means in a state of infancy.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, of June, 1819.



## POETRY.

[FOR THE VISITER.]

### A Sketch.

Where Susquehanna rolls his limpid stream  
 Along his moss-grown sides with many a turn,  
 On whose bright face plays Luna's silver beam,  
 Where thousand stars reflected nightly burn :  
 There verdant meads are deck'd with green each Spring,  
 There wild flowers bloom luxuriant thro' the year,  
 There first the woods with feather'd songsters ring,  
 There high in air their heads the tall pines rear.  
 There weeping willows lave their spreading roots,  
 And sip the passing tide as slow it rolls,  
 There Nature sheds her sweetest, choicest fruits,  
 There peace and plenty crown the rural bowls.  
 There lovers often wander to repeat  
 Their guileless vows of constancy and love ;  
 And sit at some broad spreading willows feet,  
 To listen to the cooing of the dove. RURALIA.

FOR THE VISITER.

### Clementia.

Where Susquehanna rolls his tide along,  
 And Marietta ornaments the plain,  
 There stands a mansion yet unknown in song,  
 Altho' its walls a heavenly form contain.  
 Clementia the subject of my lay,  
 The lovely young Clementia dwells there,  
 Whose eyes are brilliant as the star of day,  
 Whose breath is like the flow'rs that scent the air.  
 Sweet is the rose that flings its fragrance round,  
 And sweet the pink that blushes to the sun,  
 But there cannot a flow'r so sweet be found,  
 As the fair nymph who has my fond heart won.  
 Were all the riches of Golconda mine,  
 And all the gems that glitter in the sea

At my command, the wealth I would resign,  
To be possess'd, Clementia, of thee.

Were I a prince, and ruling o'er a realm,  
With crowds of courtiers bending at my feet,  
Their joys I'd leave to sit beneath the elm,  
With her in whom the world's perfections meet.

Oh ! could I call this human angel mine,  
The sweetest bliss on earth I would enjoy ;  
But such a hope, alas ! I must resign,  
For fell Despair's alarms my heart annoy.  
Or if I could, like Hymen did of old,  
Perform some feat that would insure thee mine,  
Then would I, also, like that youth be bold,  
And clasp thee to my heart, thou nymph divine !  
RHAPTURUS.

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FOR THE VISITER.

### The truly affectionate Wife.

Man's life would surely grow weary,  
This world to him become dreary,  
Were't not for the charmer of life,  
The truly affectionate wife.

All nature would cease man to cheer,  
Her beauties grow dim to him here,  
Were't not for the charmer of life,  
The truly affectionate wife.

The sorrows of man's troubled breast,  
Are soften'd and lull'd into rest  
By that lovliest charmer of life,  
The truly affectionate wife.

What greater delight can man find,  
That would give more peace to his mind  
Than the dearest charmer of life,  
The truly affectionate wife.

How much it adds to man's pleasure,  
To spend his moments of leisure  
With the lovliest charmer of life,  
The truly affectionate wife.

Then truly it is a dear boon,  
That heaven to man granted soon,  
To smoothen the path of his life,  
The truly affectionate wife.

Bachelors, I would all advise,  
If they pleasure and happiness prize.



To take a dear charmer of life,  
A truly affectionate wife.

MIFFLIN, December 15th, 1819.

MIFFLIN.

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### Love and Reason.

BY A. HASLETT.

Like flowers that bloom in spring's soft season,  
Lik the rose-bush bath'd in dew ;  
So sweet is Love, when link'd with Reason ;  
Emma, be this prize for you.

Once I knew a maid, whose beauty  
Charm'd the gazing throng around ;  
Whose heart with innocence and duty,  
Was most exquisitely bound.

In her eye was love beguiling,  
On her lips did honour dwell,  
Goodness in her breast sat smiling,  
And Pity form'd her bosom's swell.

Julia, in an evil hour,  
Resign'd her worth, and ere her time,  
Faded beneath affliction's power ;  
Repenting for a Villain's crime.

Then, oh Emma, this remember,  
When Love alone, would wish to dwell,  
Treat him coldly as December ;  
Link'd with Reason, use him well.

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### Curious Epitaphs.

*On a Musician named Stephen.*

*Time and Stephen, are now even,  
Stephen beat time, and Time beat Stephen.*

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*Written at the request of Moses Young, who was much celebrated for his loquacity.*

Here lies poor Moses, out of breath,  
A man who talk'd himself to death ;  
If heaven be a place of noise,  
Moses will taste of all its joys ;  
But if it be a place that's silent,  
He'll never come within a mile on't.

## Sculpture.

Of the probable origin of this ingenious art, Pliny gives the following pleasing anecdote :

Dibutades, the fair daughter of a celebrated potter of Sicyon, contrived a private meeting with her lover, at the eve of a long separation. A repetition of vows of constancy, and a stay prolonged to a very late hour, overpowered, at length, the faculties of the youth, and he fell fast asleep ; the nymph, however, whose imagination was more alert, observing, that by the light of a lamp, her admirer's profile was strongly marked on the wall, eagerly snatched up a piece of charcoal, and, inspired by love, traced the outline with such success, that her father, when he chanced to see the sketch, determined to preserve, if possible, the effect. With this view, he formed a kind of clay model from it, which first essay of the kind had the honor to be preserved in the public repository of Corinth, even to the fatal day of its destruction by that enemy to the arts, Mummius Achaicus.

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An affecting anecdote is related in the French papers :—A young man took a dog into a boat, rowed to the centre of the Seine, and threw the animal over with intent to drown him. The poor dog often tried to climb up the side of the boat, but his master as often pushed him back, till overbalancing himself, he fell overboard. As soon as the faithful dog saw his master in the stream, he left the boat, and held him above water till help arrived from the shore, and his life was saved.

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Some females discoursing of the vices of a certain man, one of them observed that in the early part of her acquaintance with him, he was a respectable member of the Baptist society, and had been *dipped*. Another replied it had not *cleansed* him much. No, said a girl of about sixteen years of age, gravely, he should have been put to *soak over night*.

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Most of us are aware of, and pretend to detest the bare-faced instances of that hypocrisy by which we deceive others ; but few of us are upon our guard, to see that fatal hypocrisy by which we deceive and over-reach our own hearts. It is a dangerous and flattering distemper, which has undone thousands.

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